The Lesson Of The Potato

All plants are alive.

Some of the most horribly deluded amongst the souls trapped here in hell return to face their selfish failures as potatoes. Born in smothering darkness, with their umbilicus reminding them for half of their existence touching the grave that they have been denied sunlight on their skin. Because of this, most grow bulbous and misshapen, purest representations of what they truly are and will be over and over, tortured repeatedly for their consuming sins by the machine God that keeps the vermin here from overflowing the celestial sewers and infecting the streets of real civilization with their inward obsessed greed and blindness borne from sewing their eyes shut.

Potatoes have many eyes, cyclopean stares from every face of their polygonal bodies. It is all they can do but stare lidless in agony. It is this transference that occurs when they are eaten by both humans and human-shaped monsters alike - being almost nothing but starch, their consumption grants only temporary reprieve from the desire to consume more living things, their sugars only providing what they were briefly before their present fate - lies.

Dishonesty is truly the worst sin.

I am reminded of this personally today. The two people I am temporarily living with lie with every breath they exhale. Their entire existence they have lied at every selfish opportunity to hurt others. They will live their entire lives, which will be dramatically shortened because of their refusal to even attempt to understand the world around them, deliberately hurting others for what they perceive to be their gain.

There are so many potatoes.

There have been so many potatoes.

There will be so many potatoes.

You can choose to heed this lesson or not.

Most likely, you won't.

You have blocked out truth your entire lives.

You cannot be shielded from the truth.

Pretending it doesn't exist will always hurt you.

Dishonesty is truly the worst sin possible.

[This would not exist without Vixo.]